

the journey tedious in the extreme ; thirty five times they carried their boats, and over fifty times dragged them. At every portage Brebeuf had to make at least four trips and the others had scarcely fewer. Food, too, was scarce. The Father paddled as continuously as the Indians and constantly had to walk in water, in mud, in the obscurity and entanglements of the forests, exposed to the stings of myriads of mosquitoes and gnats ; there was not time enough to recite the Breviary, except when weary and worn they camped at night, so weary that the body could do no more, yet their souls were filled with deep peace, feeling they were bearing the cross for the honor of our Lord and for the salvation of the poor barbarians. Father Davost was robbed and left, on the way, among the Algonquins, and was worn out when he reached the Huron land. Daniel, too, was abandoned and had to get another canoe. Brebeuf himself was nearly drowned. He arrived among the Hurons on the day of our Lady of the Snows after thirty days continuons toil with only one day of rest, (the others took much longer ), and was landed in the evening at the port of the village of Toanche. He had been there some years before, but when the Indians had left him he found that the old village had disappeared ; so after prostrating himself and thanking God, Our Lady and St. Joseph, he set off in the gathering twilight to find shelter. Soon he was greeted and welcomed by friends and all was well with him, for the Hurons were exceedingly hospitable towards strangers.

The French settled themselves at Ihonatiria and soon had a cabin built, part was used for their home and part for their chapel. The Indians were astonished at the intelligence shewn by the French in their building. A clock created great astonishment, the savages thought it was alive as it struck, that it could hear (as one jocular Frenchman called out on the last stroke "That's enough" and it stopped) ; they named it "the captain of the day," and at last had to be told when it struck four it said, "Go away, we want to shut the door," when it struck twelve, "Come put on the kettle." The latter announcement was always heeded and the hungry savages were ever ready to eat with the French. Writing was beyond their conception. The wonderful things that the Jesuits had and did made the Indians docile and ready to accept what was told them concern-